



Food

by Sarah Hill

I am starving for meat to eat.
I need to chew my way down
to the heart of the cow
and the belly of the pig.
I want eggs hard-shelled and bloodied
with the lust of the cock.
I want potatoes with dried dirt
caked around the eyes.
My jaws need a toughness
that runs aching up into my brain.
Throw that soggy quiche and canned spaghetti out
onto the mulch-pile behind the garage—
I need food!